

A Lamentable Ballad of a Combate lately perfor-

med neer London, between Sir James Steward, and Sir George Wharton Knights :
who were both slain at that time. Tune is, Down Plumpton Park, &c.



IT grieves my heart to tell the woe,
neer London late befall.
On Martlemas Eve, O woe is me,
I grieve the chance and ever shall:
Of two right gallant Gentlemen,
who very rashly fell at words,
But to their quarrel could not fall,
till they fell both by their keen swords.
The one was Sir George Wharton call'd,
the good Lord Whartons Son and Heir,
The other Sir James a Scottish Knight,
a man that a valiant heart did bear:
Peer to the Court these Gallants stout,
fell out as they in gaming were;
And in their fury grew so hot,
they hardly could from blows forbear.
Ray, kind intreaties could not stay,
Sir James from striking in that place,
For in the height and heat of blood
he struck young Wharton o're the face:
What dost thou mean, said Wharton then,
to strike in such unmanly sort,
That I will take it at thy hand,
the tongue of man shall ne'r report.
Why, do thy worst then said Sir James,
and mark me Wharton what I say;
There's ne'r a Lord in England breathes,
shall make me give an inch of way.

This brags too brave, stout Wharton said,
let our large English Lords alone,
And talk with me that am your foe,
for thou shalt find enough of one.
Alas Sir! said the Scottish Knight,
thy blood and mind's too base for me,
The oppositions be too bo'd
and will thy dire destruction be:
Nay, said young Wharton you mistake,
my courage and valour equals thine,
To make it apparent, cast thy Globe,
to gage to try as I do mine.
I said Sir James hast thou such spirit,
I did not think within thy breast,
That such a haughty daring heart
as thou mak'st shew of e're could rest.
I interchange my Globe with thee,
take it and point thy bed of death,
The field I mean where we must fight,
and one for both lose life and breath.
We'l meet neer whalstham, said Sir George
to morrow that shall be the day,
We'l either take a single man,
and try who bears the bell away.
This done, together hands they shook,
and without any envious sign,
They went to Ludgate, where they staid,
and drank each man his pint of wine.

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No kind of anger could be seen,
 no words of malice might be heard
 But all was fair, as calm, as cool,
 as Love within their bosome lay:
 Till parting time, and then indeed,
 they shew'd some rancor of their heart:
 George, said Sir James, when next we meet
 so sound I know we shall not part.
 And so they parted both Resolv'd
 to have their Malice fully try'd:
 The second part shall briefly shew
 both how they met, and how they dy'd.

The second Part, to the same Tune.

Young wharton was the first y came,
 to the appointed place the next day
 Who presently spide Sir James coming
 as fast as he could poss away:
 And being met in manly sort,
 the Scottish Knight did to VWharton say
 I do not like thy doublet George,
 it sits so clear on thee to day.
 Hast thou no priby Armour on,
 nor yet no priby coat of steel,
 I ne'r saw Lord in all my life,
 become a doublet half so well.
 Now nay, now nay, stout VWharton said,
 Sir James Steward that may not be,
 I'le not an armed man come hither,
 and thou a naked man truly.
 Our men shall strip our doublets George,
 so shall we know whether of us Lye:
 And then we'l to our weapons sharp,
 our selves true Gallants for to try:
 When they strip off their doublets fair,
 standing up in their shirts of Law,
 Follow my counsel the Scotchman said,
 and wharton to thee i'le make known.
 Now follow my counsel, i'le follow thine,
 and we'l fight in our shirts (said he)
 Now nay, now nay, young VWharton said
 Sir James Steward that may not be,

Unless we were drunkards and quarrellers
 that had no care of our self;
 For caring what we go about,
 or whether our souls go to heaven or hell,
 We'l first to God breathe our souls,
 then next our Cores to dust and clay,
 With that stout VWharton was the first,
 took Rapier and Boniard there that day:
 Seven thrusts in turns these gallants gave
 before one drop of blood was drawn:
 The Scottish Knight then speak valiantly
 stout VWharton still thou holdst thy own.
 With the next thrust that VWharton thrust
 he ran him through the shou'lder bone:
 The next was through the thick o' the thigh
 thinking he had the Scotch Mt. slain.
 Then wharton said to the Scottish Knight
 are you a living man? tell me,
 If there be a Surgeon in England can,
 he shall cure your wounds right speedily.
 Now nay, now nay, Scotch Knight said,
 Sir George wharton that may not be,
 The one of us shall the other kill,
 e're off this ground that we do lie:
 Then in a mize Sir George lookt back,
 to see what company was nigh:
 They both had dangerous marks of death,
 yet neither would from other lie.
 But both through body wounded sore,
 with courage lasty strong and sound:
 They made a deadly desperate close,
 and both fell dead onto the ground.
 Our English Knight was first that fell,
 the Scottish Knight fell immediately,
 Who cryed both to Jesus Christ,
 receive our souls, O Lord we die.
 God bless our Noble King and Queen,
 and all the Noble Progeny:
 That Brittain all may live in one,
 in perfect love and unity.
 Thus to conclude I make an end,
 wishing that quarrels still may cease:
 And that we still may live in love,
 in prosperous state, in joy and peace.

F I N I S.

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